

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

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POETRY.

From the Boston Post.

LONELINESS.

None, yet not alone. A countless throng
Of spirits seen and unseen are around,
And mortal forms, with more or less of in-
terest,
Crowd all the streets, inhabit every house.
Yet what to me is all this throng of being,
When but one, two, or three can touch my soul?
'Tis they all do to me; and 'tis this
Which adds to my loneliness. They all,
Even in silence, by their subtle presence,
Crowd upon my too susceptible spirit,
And make me feel my difference, my self.
I would be freed from this self-conscious-
ness,
From suffering mood, that cometh not
From the state of selfishness alone, but from
A discordant and tormenting mixture
Of souls unlike and unengaged.
Hereby this separate and distinct self
Seems too prominent, inducing dread
And solitary pains. Oh, my lone soul!
How wings to mortals could be given,
How like a fleeting dove, bereft of mate,
And from all this presence flee away,
And be in climes more genial, with but
One,
And that one of a true affinity,
With quick sympathy for me and mine,
The understood me, and could truly feel,
Appreciate, and read my very soul,
As would I like to be his or her abode,
Though farther distant than the farthest
Star,
And there enjoy blest company! That
One,
And a few others, should suffice. Oh
then,
How swell the crowded world, farewell to all
Dissonant tones, its social mockeries,
Its forced pretensions of a mutual bond;
Or in the easy play of such a life,
Its souls congenial and harmonious,
Its damning consciousness of self should
Die.
Now I'm doomed to live alone, 'tween
A midst of multitudes. Their presence
Jars
On me, I retire, and I shrink away
From the deep delicate recess
Of my own sensitive mind, and there I
Dwell,
Not from human kind, alone, alone.
Yet not alone, for oh, how beautiful
Is the bright hosts above, invisible,
And real! There is that one, perhaps
Even now
Inspiring my lone heart—that very one,
Whom my happiness is most complete,
And whose low words, which, with what
On earth
Of human life and sympathy,
Makes up my complement of being here.
Thus I'm content to wait; and, seeming
Lone,
I far from common joys, partaking lit-
tle of
The mixed life confusion throws around
me,
I shunning with instinctive dread, this
Mask
Of poor humanity which mortals wear,
I having secret joys which they know
not,
Visible companions they see not—
And the auspicious dawning of that day
Which sure in God's eternity shall rise,
When the great sham shall break and fall
Away,
Revealing the affinities of souls!
W. M. F.
Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DUEL.

The year 1805, when the peace
put a stop to the conquests of Na-
poleon in Germany, the King of Prussia,
in order to maintain his efforts to
be assisted by his army, reduced
the war against France, reduced
the peace establishment. As a
consequence many Prussian officers, who
were stationed at Hamburg received
orders, or were dismissed from the service,
a time; and a life of military danger
activity gave place to habits of idleness
and dissipation.
In the early part of September several
of these officers having dined together,
a sacrifice rather freely at the shrine
of the jolly god, adjourned towards even-
ing to the Exchange coffee house, the
most noted hotel in the city. They en-
tered, singing and shouting in the most
boisterous manner, setting at defiance the
laws of propriety and decorum. The
manager of the house, who bore the com-
mission of a captain, was at twenty
years of age, wealthy, handsome, and
gaily formed. But his mind did not
correspond with his person; he was vain,
selfish, self-conceited, and presuming.
When they entered the public room in the
upper part of the house, they observed an in-
dignant man, in a dark suit,
seated alone at a table; he held in his hand
a journal of the day, while his right atten-
tion was fixed on the entrance of the host
of blackguards, scarce
deigning to raise

his eyes from the paper he was reading.
The young Baron doubtless offended at an
appearance of indifference, which he
thought bordered on contempt, approached
him on the back, said, with a smile of bit-
ter irony: 'Ah! my friend, good evening.
From your appearance I should take you
to be a schoolmaster—or, perhaps, a tailor
—am I right? Where is your goose?'
The citizen raised his eyes, and fixed
them for a moment on the countenance of
his interrogator, and then resumed the
perusal of the journal.

'God forgive me my sins,' continued
the Baron, 'he will not answer me.
Come, my fellow, we must be more soci-
able. Ah! I perceive the reason of your
silence; that pipe incommodes you. As I
must hear the sound of your voice, allow
me to relieve you.' So saying, he snatch-
ed the pipe from the hand of the stranger
and dashed it to pieces on the floor; a piece
of wit which his companions applauded
with shouts of laughter.

Without laying down the journal, the
insulted individual turned towards the en-
trance of the inner room, and coolly said,
'Waiter another pipe.'
'Well done resumed the young imperi-
ous, 'I have gained something, how-
ever, I have made him open his mouth.'
The pipe was brought, filled and light-
ed, and the citizen continued to peruse the
journal as if nothing had happened.

'My friend the man,' said the Baron, 'where
do you belong? In what village do you
exercise your talents? What? No an-
swer! Have you resolved to enter into
no conversation with me?'
Here the insulted person again raised
his head, and looking the officer full in the
face, at the same time puffing out an im-
mense volume of smoke. He then delib-
erately resumed his former occupa-
tion.

'Perhaps I was mistaken in my char-
acter,' interrupted the Baron, 'you may
be the quiet one of a village, and perhaps
are endeavoring to commit to memory the
news which that paper contains to impart
it correctly to your friends and neighbors.
But you smoke like a Swiss. That pipe
causes you great inconvenience. It was a
second time broken.'

Without evincing by a gesture or any
visible change of countenance, or the least
appearance of anger, the man in black coolly
repeated his first demand: 'Waiter,
another pipe.'

'What a melodious voice!' resumed
the Baron. 'Such patience must be the
attribute of an angel or a devil. I would
give a thousand dollars to see you in a pas-
sage. It would be delicious sport.'

An old major, whose embroidered coat
was decorated with military orders and on
whose German physiognomy was depicted
frankness, true courage, and loyalty, who
entered the coffee house with these three
brained youths, now addressed the Baron
in a low voice, but which notwithstanding
could be heard in all parts of the room:
'My young friend, you are insulting a
stranger without provocation; you are foolishly
guilty of a great impertinence, and your
conduct, and that of your applauding
companions, begins to disgust me. I beg
you will pursue this foolish joke no
further.'

The Baron, with his companions, accord-
ingly adjourned to a neighboring room,
and commenced playing at cards. To
judge from their numerous jokes, followed
by loud peals of laughter, it would seem
that the young officer's folly and impud-
ence were already forgotten. An hour
passed away, all was mirth and jollity, the
Baron had gained a considerable sum, and
his spirits were proportionally buoyant,
when the little man in black entered the
room, and slowly approaching his chair,
tapped him gently on the shoulder, and
requested to speak with him in another
apartment. The Baron regarded him
with a look of disdain over his shoulder,
uttered an ill-timed jest, and laughed in
his face.

'Sir said the man in black, in a decided
and manly tone, 'you labor under a tri-
fling mistake, which I must be at some
pains to correct. I am neither a tailor
nor a schoolmaster. I have the honor to
be a post captain in the English navy,
very much at your service. You have in-
sulted me, and I demand satisfaction; if
you refuse it, I shall find means to obtain it.
To-morrow morning at seven o'clock
I shall await you here. Bring pistols with
you.'

The astonished Baron, who during this
address had risen from his chair, changed
countenance more than once, and answered
only by a bow of acquiescence; he dared
not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue
should betray his terror. The captain
politely saluted the rest of the company
and left the house.

With him departed all the gaiety of the
evening. He became thoughtful and taciturn;
his mind wandered from the game,
and he soon lost more than he had
gained. He was unmoved with terror,
while reflecting on the consequences of his
conduct.

'What an advantage must an adver-
sary possess, who could bear a series of de-
grading insults, and not be provoked to a
duel! Such a man is a singularly
an antagonist must surely be!' Such
was the ideas which continually passed
through his mind.

When the company separated they all
agreed to meet at the same place at the ap-
pointed hour. But it is not to be sup-
posed that they all slept equally well during
the night. When they assembled the next
morning at the coffee house, they found
the Englishman before them at their re-
luctant, but he was now dressed in a
splendid suit of naval uniform of his na-
tion. He was attended by a valet, who
carried a cane under his arm.

He requested the officers to accept of
some refreshments; and they entered into
conversation with the Englishman, when he
gave indications of possessing a cultivated
mind, and a knowledge of the forms of so-
ciety and good breeding.

At about eight o'clock he arose from his
chair, and begged the Prussian officer to
select the spot where their quarrel must be
decided, adding that he was a stranger in
the city, and that all places were alike to
him. The Baron named the open pas-
tures lying between Hamburg and Altona.

When they arrived on the ground, the
Englishman asked the Prussian what dis-
tance he would prefer; he answered 'fifteen
paces.' 'That distance is too great,' re-
sumed the Englishman, 'you will miss me.
Call it ten, if you please.' And his
proposition was adopted.

The major now made the observation
that the captain had no second. 'That is
of no consequence,' said the Englishman,
'if I fall my valet has my orders.' The
major represented that such a proceeding
was contrary to the usage in affairs of this
kind, and that if such a formality was
neglected the duel could not take place—
but he politely offered to assist in that ca-
pacity.

When the ground was marked out, and
each of the principals had taken his sta-
tion, the captain asked his antagonist sig-
nificantly, if he had good pistols, 'for,'
said he, 'I have a pair which I have of-
ten used, and which never miss their man.
I will give you proof of their excel-
lence.'

He then called his servant, and ordered
him to throw something into the air. The
man took a handkerchief from his pocket.
'That is too large,' said the captain,
'find something else.' He then took from
his pocket a dried prune; 'That will do,'
exclaimed his master. The fruit was
thrown into the air, the pistol was fired,
and the prune was shattered into a thou-
sand pieces. At this extraordinary proof
of address, the spectators were struck with
astonishment. As to the poor lieutenant
he was more dead than alive.

The captain now resumed his station,
and requested his antagonist to fire; but
the major interposed stating that it was
contrary to the custom of the country,
that the offended party had an undoubted
right to make the first essay, and after his
fire was returned, the rest should be de-
cided by chance.

'My friend,' replied the captain, 'if I
should suffer myself to be influenced by
your opinion, this young gentleman would
never have another opportunity to test the
quality of his pistols. I must have my
own way in this particular, and after I
have settled the affair with this gentleman,
each of his companions, who amused them-
selves last evening at my expense, and
who, instead of restraining the imperti-
nence of their friend, laughed at his ridicu-
lous follies, must one after another front
the muzzle of my pistol. Now, sir, I am
ready. Take good aim—for if you miss
me you are a dead man.'

The lieutenant presented his weapon;
drew his trigger, and the ball passed
through the Englishman's hat.

'It is now my turn,' said the captain. 'I
was last evening a butt for your raileries,
for your sarcasms. Without provocation
you insulted me; covered me with humili-
ations. I was a schoolmaster, a tailor, a
village babler. What am I now? A
man! And what are you? A miserable
wretch, a poltroon, trembling with fear.
The death which in a few minutes you will
receive from my hand already surrounds
you with shadows. The grim tyrant's icy
lips are livid; your eyes are glazed; and
your visage is as pale as the winding sheet
which in a few hours will envelop your
body. Your feeble limbs can hardly sup-
port you; for insolence and cowardice go
hand in hand together. But before my
bullet pierces your heart, tell me have
you any arrangements to make? have you
a last adieu to send a mother, a father,
a sister, or any other person who is dear to
you? I have here the materials necessary
for writing, and will willingly grant you
time to make any arrangements which you
may think necessary.'

The young man uttered something, of
which an humble, 'I thank you,' was all
that was intelligible.

'In that case,' resumed the English-
man, 'since reconciliation between us is
absolutely impossible, and as it is neces-
sary that your blood should wash out the
fruits which I have received, I beg you to
improve, by a fervent, but brief, mental
prayer the mercy of the Eternal Pow-
er.'

Then, taking off his hat, he looked
around upon the mute and terrified spec-
tators of this imposing scene, who by a
spontaneous impulse, uncovered them-
selves likewise. For a minute there reigned
among the group a religious and sol-
emn silence, which was interrupted only
by the hard breathings of the suffering
lieutenant.

At length seizing his pistol, and point-
ing it towards the lieutenant, he kept him
for a minute in a state of the most hor-
rible suspense; then suddenly raising the
weapon, he turned towards his valet who
stood near and handed him his pistol.

'Take it,' said he, 'this officer is not
worthy the honor of dying by the hand of an
Englishman.'

The next day the Baron de-
parted for the country, and never resumed
his station in his regiment.

THE BROTHERS.

In '49 the principal 'banking institu-
tions of the chance kind, in San Fran-
cisco, were the 'Bella Union,' 'Veranda-
h,' 'Mine de Oro,' 'El Dorado,' and 'Par-
ker House,' all situated about the Plaza,
and each employed a band of music to les-
son the tedious hours of that rainy winter,
and to drown the noise of dingling gold
and silver and the cursing ejaculations of
the gamblers. Many a sad scene has
taken place within those saloons, that chilled
the blood of the beholders, and is remem-
bered with horror! I was once carelessly
sauntering through one of these places.

My attention was attracted towards a per-
son who had large piles of gold before him;
the starting eyeballs, the swollen veins
upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon
his face and clenched hand, told of heavy
losses; mingled exclamations of horror and
contempt would escape him, and he seemed
unconscious of all else going on around
him; his gaze bent upon the cards as if
his life's blood was the stake at issue; and
in this case his last dollar was put within
the dealer's bank, then, with the frenzy of
a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and
plunged it up to the hilt into his own body
and sunk a corpse upon the table. A few
rude jeers followed the act; the body was
removed, and the game went on as though
nothing had happened—as though another
victim had not been added to the page of
the gambler's damning record or another
soul had not gone to its final account!

I learned this much of his history: He
started with a large stock of goods, given
him by his father to sell on commission,
and the father's fortune depended upon a
sure return of the money so invested; but
as usual with young men, he indulged in
the full liberty of unbridled license, and
while the ship stopped at one of the South
American ports he engendered the first
seeds of 'play,' but for a while after his
arrival the excitement of trade and the en-
ergy necessary to accomplish a successful
issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by
appointment, he was to meet a mercantile
friend at this house, and, while waiting
for his friend, he staked a few dollars upon
the turning card, when the latent disease
sprang into life, and it carried him head-
long over the precipice, and ended in the
tragic manner related.

The 'Mine de Oro' was a gambling sa-
loon, situated on Washington street, and
opposite the 'El Dorado,' and in '49 it was
the principal resort of the disbanded sol-
diers of the California regiments, and also
of the soldiers who had been engaged in the
war with Mexico. Behind one of the lar-
gest monte banks in the room sat a man
who had won for himself honorable men-
tion, and an officer's commission was given
him for his bravery at the storming of
Monterey; but preferring the climate of
California and its golden prospects to a
more northern home, he embarked for that
country at the close of the war with Mex-
ico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank
for gambling. The emigrants came in by
thousands, and a few nights after his ar-
rival, a young man entered the saloon and
seated himself at the bank and staked va-
rious sums upon the cards until he had
lost nearly all the money he possessed. Ex-
cited with the play and maddened by his
losses, he accused the dealer of cheat-
ing; the dealer replied sharply to the ac-
cusation—the lie passed, when the young
man struck the dealer a severe blow upon
his face; as quick as thought the sharp re-
port of a pistol followed, and the gambler's
clothing was covered with the young man's
blood—he had shot him through the right
breast. The room was cleared of the spec-
tators present, the door closed and medical
attendance called in to aid the wounded
man. The gambler sat moodily over his
bank, running the small monte cards thro'
his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the
deed just perpetrated, when the wounded
man gave a moan of agony as the Doctor's
probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what State he was
from, and the wounded man replied:
'From Vermont.'

The gambler raised his head, for it had
been a long time since he had seen a per-
son from the home of his childhood, and
Vermont being his native State, the mere
mention of the name interested him. The
doctor next inquired the name of the place
where his parents resided, if he had any.

'The wounded man replied:
'Montpelier.'

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs
trembled, and his face was as pale as death,
for Montpelier was the home of his youth,
and perhaps the wounded man might have
been his playmate in childhood—perhaps
a schoolmate—knew his parents, he knew
themselves and sisters. He clung convulsively
to the table, and with the contending emo-
tions of rapid thought and the weight of
injury inflamed, he could scarcely keep
upon his feet. A stimulant was given to the
wounded man, and he was momentarily so
subject to after a severe wound—when the
doctor inquired if there was any friend in
the city he wished to send for.

'Yes,' he replied, 'my wife, she is at
the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and
Kearney streets—tell Mary to hasten for I
am badly hurt.'

A man was sent to bring his wife.
'Doctor,' said the gambler, 'save that
man's life and there is my bank, and \$10,-
000 in Bargey's—and you shall have it all.'

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and
probed the wound anew. The gambler
watched him with the greatest anxiety until
his inspection was finished, when the doc-
tor shook his head in token of impossi-
bility; the gambler sat down by the side
of the wounded man and bathed his head
with water, and staunching the flow of
blood from the wound until the arrival of
the wife; she came, accompanied by a few
friends, and as heroic women bear their
misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word
of reproach escaped her—words of cheer-
fulness only came from her lips as she
rushed towards her cheeks. To her in-
quiry as to the chances of her husband's
recovery, the doctor assured her that there

was no hope; that the wound was mortal,
and that in a few hours he would die. She
sank down upon her knees and invoked
the mercy of a forgiving God for her dy-
ing husband and his murderer. The gam-
bler asked the forgiveness of the wounded
man for the wrong he had committed, and
also that of the wife, which was readily
granted.

'This,' said he, 'is for not obeying the
sacred injunctions of my aged father and
mother—not to gamble. I have faced
death a thousand times, and still I have
escaped; the balls of an enemy have whis-
tled past my ears as thick as hail-stones,
and the bursting bomb has exploded at my
feet; still I have lived—oh, God! and
for this! High above the red tide of bat-
tle I have carried my country's ensign—
and that won for me a name among men
—when not one comrade was left to tell of
the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was
I not killed like the rest? All that
was proud and pleasing to man I have liv-
ed; and if I could recall this last act of my life,
I would do it. I was born in the same
village with that man; we have been class-
mates together in the same school; received
instruction of the same aged man; we were
born beneath the same roof, and, oh, God!
the same mother gave us birth!—
He must not die—he is my brother!'

And the gambler sank down in a swoon
upon the floor. The wounded man raised
himself upon his elbows; his glassed eyes
wandered about the room as if searching
for some particular person—
'Mary,' said he, 'is brother William
here? I—' and the words choked in his
throat, the gurgling blood stopped his ut-
terance, and he sank back a corpse upon
his pillow. The wife knelt again, but it
was beside a dead body, and invoked the
mercy of God upon his soul, and forgive-
ness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and
staggered up to the wife and said:
'Mary, would it were otherwise, for I
have nothing to live for now; the dead
and doing do not want anything in this
world; take this certificate of deposit to
our aged father, and tell our parents we
are both dead—but, oh! do not tell them
how we died!'

Before the woman could reply or any
other interfere, the report of the pistol sound-
ed again, and the fratricide had ceased to
live.

On the hill near Rineon Point were two
graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a
white picket fence and one tombstone stood
at their head with the simple inscription—
'BROTHERS.'

'THE OLD WOMAN.'

It was but a few days since, we heard a
stripling of sixteen designating the mother
who bore him as above. By coarse hus-
bands we have heard wives so called oc-
casionally, though in the latter case the
phrase is more often used endearingly.

At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars
upon the ear and shocks the sense. An
'old woman' should be an object of re-
verence above and beyond all other phases
of humanity. Her very age should be her
surest passport to courteous consideration.

The aged mother of a grown up family
needs no other certificate of worth. She
is a monument of excellence approved
and warranted. She has fought faith-
fully 'the good fight,' and come off conquer-
or. Upon her venerable face she bears
the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed
lines. The most grievous of the ills of
life have been hers; trials untold and un-
known save to God and herself, she has
borne, patiently awaiting the appointed
time, she stands more truly beautiful than
ever in youth! more honorable and deserv-
ing than he who has slain his thousands,
or stood triumphant upon the proudest
field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your moth-
er, and courteously, tenderly to her. But
a little time and ye shall see her no more
forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent,
and her shadow falls gravely. Others
may love you when she has passed away;
kind hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom
of all the world you choose for a partner,
she may love you warmly, passionately;
children may love you fondly; but never
again, never, while time is yours, shall
the love of woman be to you as that of
your old, trembling mother has been.

In agony she begs you, throughout pain-
ing, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast
your safe protection and support; in
wayward and touchy boyhood, she has
patiently with your thoughtless rudeness
and nursed you safe through a legion of
ills and maladies. Her hand it was that
bathed your burning brow or moistened
the parched lip; her eye that lighted up
the darkness of wasting nightly vigils,
watching alone in your fitful sleep by
your side, as none but her could watch—
Oh, speak not her name as would suffice
to thank her fully. Through reckless and
impatient youth she is your counsellor and
impatient youth she is your counsellor and
patient step, nor even there for-
sakes or forgets. Speak gently then, and
reverently of your mother, and when you
shall be old, it shall in some degree
lighten the remorse which shall be your
sins, to know that never wantonly have
you outraged the respect due to 'old wo-
man.'—Harrisburg Telegraph.

The average amount exhaled from
the lungs and skins of a healthy adult of
ordinary size, in twenty-four hours, is about
forty ounces, and of this quantity about
four consists of animal matter.

What an argument for better ventila-
tion!

The subjoined advertisement is taken
from an Irish newspaper: 'Missing
from Killarney, Jane O'Faraghy; she had
in her arms two babies and a Guernsey
cow, all black, with red hair and tortoise-
shell combs behind her ears, and large
spots all down her back; which squints
awfully.'

IDLENESS AND VICE.

Young men beware of idleness.—Accu-
tom the mind to habits of regular labor.—
Fix the attention upon a course of usefulness
to yourself and others. Awaken, within
yourself an interest for the accomplish-
ment of purpose. Cultivate a habit of
patient endurance. Let it be your desire
to secure the approbation of the wise
and good. Link yourself to those who are
doing something in the world, and who com-
pose the frame-work of society; and let
your motto be determination, activity, and
perseverance. Set down calmly, while
you are young, and look over the ground,
and get a clear view of what is before you.
Then lay your foundation and go to your
work.

What is the difference between one who
begins life in earnest in this manner, and
another who idles away all the precious time
of preparation? The one starts strong and
vigorous in the grand work of life; the other
commences feebly; aims one stroke here
and lays down his tools and don't know when
he will take them up again. The one ex-
erts an influence throughout the commu-
nity which he lives, and his name is hon-
ored and will be handed down to posterity
as one identified with his country's pro-
gress in all that is good and great; the other
is unknown except by those to whom he is
a burden, he is of no use as a member of
society, or to his own family, and when he
passes away his name will be forgotten by
all those who, connected with him by the
ties of nature, will perhaps, long feel sad
at the recollection of the fact that he died
as the fool dieth. It seems surprising that
two such beings can belong to the same
species. And yet this is the natural con-
sequence of starting in the two different
directions. We so often see too such
widely different careers diverging from al-
most the same point. The same family
will be able to rejoice over one son who
has realized the expectation of friends, and
is pursuing an honorable and noble career;
and on the other hand will be called to
mourn over another who is bringing his par-
ents to shame.

It is true, too, that every young man
has all these matters in his own hands.—
Each has the power to turn his feet from
the path of the foolish and seek for honor.—
We are more and more fearfully impressed
with the fact that every man has the power
of control over his own destiny, except in
cases of absolute ignorance of the way of
improvement. Young man, look about
you. Inquire what you ought to do. Let
it not be said that you are,

'Fixed, like a plant, to one peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.'

If you have been dreaming away your
life wake up and take a new start. It is
not too late. You can yet make your mark
indellible upon the world. These are stir-
ring times, and though we do not, with
some, think, the world on the high road
to perfection, yet we know that this is an
age of wonders, and offers an opportunity,
for every man who wants to work, which
has never been offered before.

See! how that fellow works! No ob-
stacles are too great for him to scale. He
will make a stir in the world, and no mis-
take. Such are the men who build our
railroads, dig up the mountains in Califor-
nia and enrich the world. There is nothing
gained by idleness and sloth. This is the
world of action and to make money, gain a
reputation and exert a happy influence, men
must be active, persevering, and energetic.

They must not quail at shadows—run from
liens, or attempt to dodge the lightning.
Go forward, zealously, in whatever you
undertake, and we will risk you anywhere
and through life. Men who want faint
and quail, are a laughing stock to angels,
devils, and true men.

WHISKERS.—The editors of the Lancas-
ter Literary Gazette says she would as soon
nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle
tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss
her.

We don't believe a word of it! The ob-
jections which some ladies pretend to have
to whiskers all arise from envy. They
don't have any. They would if they could,
but the fact is, the continual motion of the
lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The
ladies—God bless them!—adopt our fash-
ions as fast as they can. Look at the de-
relations the dear creatures have committed
on our wardrobe the last few years. They
have appropriated our shirt bosoms,
gold studs and all. They have encircled
their soft bewitching necks in our stand-
ing collars and cravats—driving us into
flatties and turn downs. Their innocent
little hearts have been palpitating in the
inside of our waistcoats, instead of thump-
ing on the outside as nature intended.—
Tehy have thrust their pretty feet and an-
kles through our unmentionables—unwhis-
kerables—unthinkabouables—in short, as
Micawber would say, breeches. And they
are skipping along the streets in their
high-heeled boots. Did you hear, gentle-
men? we say boots.

WHAT ADDISON THOUGHT OF HEAD-
DRESSES.—I would desire the fair sex to con-
sider how impossible it is for them to add
anything that can be ornamental to what
is already the master-piece of nature. The
head has the most beautiful appearance, as
well as the highest station in a human
figure. Nature has laid out her art in
vermilion, planted in it a double row of
ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blush-
es, lighted it up and enlivened it with the
brightness of the eyes, hung it on each
side with curious organs of sense, given it
airs and graces that cannot be described,
and surrounded it with such a flowing
shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the
most agreeable light; in short, she seems
to have designed the head as the cupola to
the most glorious of her works; and when
we load it with such a pile of superman-
ner ornaments, we destroy the symme-
try of the human figure, and foolishly coun-
terfeit to call off the eye from great and real
beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbons,
and bonnet-lace.

VARIETY.

WHY THE WEDDING-RING IS PLACED ON
THE FOURTH FINGER.—We have remark-
ed on the vulgar error of a vein going from
the fourth finger of the left hand to the
heart. It is said by Swinburn and others
that therefore it became the wedding finger,
the priesthood kept up this idea by
still keeping it as the wedding-finger, but
it was got at through the use of the Trini-
ty; for in the ancient ritual of English
marriages, the ring was placed by the hus-
band on the top of the thumb of the hand,
with the words 'In the name of the Father,'
he then removed it to the forefinger,
saying, 'In the name of the Son,' then to
the middle finger, adding, 'And of the
Holy Ghost,' finally he left it, as now, on
the fourth finger, with the closing word
'Amen.'

VULGARISM REFINED.—Vulgar.—Take
the rag off the bush.
Refined.—Removing the dilapidated
linen from off the infantile tree.
Vulgar.—Money makes the mare go.
Refined.—The precious metals cause the
cauldron to effervesce.
Vulgar.—Money makes the mare go.
Refined.—The circulating medium com-
pels the nag to almsquatulate.
Vulgar.—A fool and his money are
soon parted.
Refined.—The partnership existing be-
tween a simple one and his small

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